

Patsy gobbled her mouthwatering treat down in no time and said, "Next, please". There it came, another banana split beauty. After eating most of it, her cheeks looked full and she slowed down her bitefuls just a tad. #2 took a little longer to finish.

Mostly full, but also still full of fight/greed, Patsy said, "Ready for #3." It arrived, but somehow this one didn't look so yummy [although it was identical to the other two]. Halfway through the third split, Patsy began shivering and said, "I'm cold. Can someone cover me with jackets?" The rest of us took off jackets and sweaters and soon her hunkered shoulders were covered with warmth.

#4 was hard. Really tough. Patsy was already full and uncomfortable. The ice cream was tasteless cold. Whipped cream oozed out of her lips. Her eyes were squeezed shut in stuffing agony. The rest of us shouted encouragement, but cringed to see her shove down each blah bite. She somehow managed but the fight seemed to go out of her at that point. Here came #5. UGH. It looked bigger than all the rest. Patsy knew she had to eat it all because the current champion had eaten 4 V2. She must have had a surge of willpower since he first half of the banana split actually went down OK, but the last half was not a pretty sight: groans and moans. One thing about this contest: you cannot cheat eating banana splits. Ice cream does not fit into pockets nor hide down on the floor. While stuffing in the last several icy bites, Patsy almost choked. She gasped, "Take off the jackets!" She knew what was coming. We all grabbed our jackets and stepped back.

Patsy raced to push open the store screen door, stumbled out into the darkness and then heaved. She lost a lot of ice cream that night, but Pudgy lost a lot of money. After that, she felt a little better and went back inside to be sure they put, "PATSY BLACKLEDGE, 5 banana splits", on the board as the new champion. Who knows - that record may still stand.

Banana split hugs from GAP,

P.S. While DA was visiting here recently, he brought up photos onto my computer which showed your recent birthday party. So now I know you're officially twelve, not thirteen. That means I'm 61 years ahead of you in Life. Yipes. I remember back to 12. It was FUN.

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